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NO. 13.

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WASTED SWEETS.

Two maidens pause upon the street:—
"How long since I have met you, sweet?"
"Kiss—Kiss!"
"I'm out to buy the last new song."
"Why have you been away so long?"
"Come up and spend a half a day!"
"I've much to show, and much to say."
Now, come, on that my heart is set!"
"Kiss—Kiss!"
"Be sure I will. I'll not forget!"
"Kiss—Kiss!"
They part: from each the smiles have flown,
Upon each brow a scowl has grown,
Says one: "If I the truth confessed,
She is the one I most detest!"

The other's thoughts are quite the same:
"To ask her I was much to blame,
I only hope she will not call,
For that would be the worst of all!"
O, wasted sweets! What folly this,
When maidens betray with lying kisses!

THE OPIUM HABIT.

A Few Instances of the Fatal Power of Morphia and Chloral.

But few outside of the medical profession have any conception of the vast amount of morphia and chloral consumed by persons who have become addicted to their use.

The universal testimony of these unfortunate men and women is, that the habit, once formed, it is next to impossible to escape from its thrall. The effect of these drugs is so exhilarating that the tired, overworked mother, in the new life coursing through her veins, imagines herself ready for any conflict; while the poor besotted youth, who has lost all traces of the noble manhood upon which he was just entering, is intoxicated with the splendors of the kingdom, which his intoxicated brain asserts to be his own.

One of the saddest cases of opium eating that has ever come under my observation, was that of a young gentleman, Lee Adams by name, a descendant of the renowned family, which twice occupied the highest seat in the gift of the American people. He brought with him, to our college town, rare qualities, both as an orator and author. I can give you no impression of the eloquent addresses to which we were treated. Suffice it to say that his audiences went away charmed with his grandeur. No terms were too extravagant to express the admiration of his hearers. The college faculty engaged him for a series of lectures, and while in the very zenith of his popularity, a clap, as from a clear sky, caused the people to pause suddenly and shed tears over their shattered idol.

It was on a beautiful, still Sabbath morning, while the villagers were assembling for morning worship, that officers of justice from the city arrived, with papers for the arrest of Mr. Lee Adams, on the very grave charge of robbery; and, much to the amazement of the populace, the missing diamonds were discovered in his trunk. It all came out then—the fact that he was an inveterate morphia eater, and the people held the secret of his moodiness, which the physicians had kept quiet up to this hour. He acknowledged his guilt, declaring that the theft was committed while under the influence of the powerful narcotic. He delivered the jewels to the officer, but asked that he might be permitted to enter the infirmary asylum, instead of being carried to prison. Through the influence of prominent men, his request was granted, and though several years have passed away since that morning, we have never heard any thing concerning him. He said he could take seventeen grains of morphia at a single dose, and this, considering that a quarter of a grain is the amount usually prescribed, was sixty-eight times as much as a person not addicted to its use could bear.

I have in mind a young physician, who, during his last year at the medical college, contracted the habit of using chloral. He was highly gifted, and to his natural fine abilities were added all the graces of an accomplished education. During the three years that he remained in his chosen profession, through his kindness of heart and acknowledged skill, he won hosts of friends. Still the fatal thirst was consuming him by inches, and time after time his brother physicians labored for hours to snatch him from the very jaws of death. But there came a time when even their power was useless, and before he had reached the close of his twenty-fourth year, the clouds of the valley had covered the form we had all learned to love, forever from our view.

I might add many other instances of the fatal power of these drugs, but my note of warning has been sounded, and that is all for which I lifted my pen.—
A Doctor's Wife, in Woman's Magazine.

The Worst on Record.

Kosciusko Murphy—I don't see you and Hostetter McGinnis together as much as formerly.

Gus de Smith—No, I've given him the cold shake.

Murphy—What did he do?

Gus—Nothing, except he asked me why a thief, who gives his confederates away, was like the capital of Turkey. I said I didn't know, and then the double-dyed assassin replied, "Because he is constant to no pal."

Murphy—That was pretty tough.

Gus—Yes, I should say so. I told him never to speak to me again. I'd shake my grandfather if he sprang a gag like that on me.—*Texas Sittings.*

—The body of the "Emperor of Japan" is blue longitudinally traversed by about thirty yellow bands; it attains a length of fifteen inches, and is most esteemed of all the Indian species of food. The emperor, by-the-by, is a fish.—*Boston Budget.*

—Austere pedagogue (to small boy)—"Boy, you speak very indistinctly. Don't your friends tell you so?" Boy—"No, sir; they are not so rude."

EARTH UPHEAVALS.

The Effects of Earthquakes Much Worse Than Those of Cyclones.

There is something about those mighty displays of nature's forces which we term earthquakes that interests and fascinates a vast majority of mankind. Probably few readers are aware that since 1838 no less than 250 earthquakes have occurred in various parts of New England and the Atlantic States. Previous to the recent destructive earthquake at Charleston the most severe shock known in this country was at New Madrid, Mo., in 1811. The ground rose in huge waves, which burst, and volumes of water, sand, and pit coal were thrown high as the tops of the trees. The forests waved like standing corn in a gale of wind, and an area seventy miles long by fifty miles wide was submerged and became a swampy lake.

On August 15, 1838, a fearful earthquake took place in Peru, which laid waste much of the country lying between the Andes and the Pacific. The shocks were felt through a distance of 1,400 miles, north and south, and three important cities were destroyed. At Arequipa, in Peru, forty miles from the sea, a slight undulatory shock was felt, followed by others so violent that in five minutes not a house was standing in that city of 44,000 inhabitants. A subterranean rumbling, like the rush of an avalanche, was heard above the crash, and a cloud of dust rose in the still air over the city. On the seacoast were situated Iquique and Arica—both were destroyed by the shocks, and overwhelmed by a tremendous wave. The ocean thus took up the vibrations of the land, and waves of tremendous volume were put in motion, which rolled, not only upon the coast, but away from it with a velocity in the deep ocean of not less than 400 miles an hour. The great wave—for one was of much greater volume than the others—has been estimated at upward of 200 miles breadth, with a length along its curved crest of 8,000 miles. This rolled into the harbor of Yokohama, in Japan, 10,500 miles distant, and was felt at Port Fairy, in South Victoria, distant nearly one-half of the earth's circumference.

The opening and closing of fissures and chasms in the ground during earthquakes is a common phenomenon. Men, animals and dwellings are sometimes swallowed in them and forever disappear. In 1849 an earthquake shook a large portion of New Zealand, and a fissure of great depth opened along a chain of mountains from one thousand to three thousand feet high, extending sixty miles, but of not more than eight inches in average width. During the Calabrian earthquake of 1783 the surface of the ground opened and closed in immense fissures, by means of which new lakes were formed and others drained or were dried up. A Jerusalem the earth is described, by Sir Charles Lyell, as having been in an extraordinary manner. "Fissures ran in every direction, like cracks in a broken pane of glass." In another instance, several dwellings were engulfed in a fissure, and were found to be jammed, with their contents, into a compact mass. Chasms of immense length and depth were formed. Some were crescent-shaped, and a mile in length. The plains of Calabria were covered in many places with circular hollows from one foot to three or four feet in diameter. Some of these were filled with water, others with dry sand.

But changes in the earth's crust occur during earthquakes, on a still grander scale. Evidence of local disturbance, however disastrous it may have been, are often effaced if not forgotten in a few centuries, frequently in a few years. But the slow upheaval of strata through profound depths are results which have been the subject of inquiry by the world's leading geologists. Whether the central portions of the earth be fluid or not, it is quite certain that heat increases as we descend; and it is estimated by Sir Charles Lyell that the heat at a depth of twenty-five miles would be sufficient to melt granite, and at thirty-four miles to render fluid or incandescent every known substance. We have no means of knowing the condition of matter under the enormous pressure which prevails at a depth of thirty-four miles, and are most concerned with the fact that the heat of fusion exists at no very great depth beneath the surface. The earth's crust is, therefore, its cooled exterior.

It is found that nearly all rocks contract by cooling and expand by heat. Lyell estimates that sandstone a mile in thickness, and heated to 200 degrees Fahrenheit, would expand so as to lift a mass of rock upon it ten feet above its former level; and if a mass of the earth's crust equally expansible, fifty miles in thickness, be heated to 800 degrees, it would rise 1,500 feet. From cooling we have the reverse effect—shrinkage, contraction, lateral pressure, and ultimately blending of the strata. The strain thus produced will at length cause fracture, and the vibration that results is an earthquake.

This form of tension is being continually and everywhere produced in the earth's crust, and there is probably no instant of time when that crust is entirely free from vibrations. "There is nothing," observes Darwin, "not even the wind that blows, so unstable as the level of the crust of the globe."—*Chicago Herald.*

—A stout old lady got out of a crowd of omnibuses the other day, exclaiming: "Well, that's a relief, anyhow." To which the driver, eyeing her ample proportions, replied, "So the 'osies thinks, mum."

—It is often the case that the man who serves you in a restaurant is unnamed. You are the waiter, not he.

The Official Cigarette.

The habit of smoking cigarettes among public officials is alarmingly on the increase. It is due no doubt to the fact that the cigarette affords a means of satisfying an appetite or craving for tobacco, and affords enough pleasure for the smoker to last for the time it is wanted. "A cigarette is a pipe in the mouth of a man," said an official talking to an American representative about the matter, "in the office, where you are liable to be called on at a moment's notice by a lady or summoned into the presence of a superior. In an emergency of the kind the little thing can be thrown aside. The cigarette, you see, is cheap. A good cigarette costs less than ten cents in price is not considered the thing to be seen in the mouth of an official with some authority. The cigarette also affords a little pleasure, and it is very convenient."

The same argument was found to prevail among all the officials who were seen using the little article. Army officers as a rule were addicted to the cigarette. They found it cheaper in the long run than cigars. It has now become common among them to offer a friend a cigarette. If refused, the reply is: "Well, I used to smoke cigars, but I added the cigarette in my conversation. Nearly all the young men, and, in fact, not a few of the old men in high social life can be seen smoking them. At any one of the receptions it is customary now to see groups of men in the gentlemen's room puffing away vigorously on the 'little delight.' It is a rarity to see a cigar used on such occasions. A large tobaccoist here stated in conversation to-day that the sale of cigarettes was enormous in this city and was not confined to any class. He stated that the government clerks bought largely of them, as they considered it much cheaper for them to use on the day during office hours. Washington City, Baltimore, American.

The Pink Marshes.

There is in Russia a district as large as Ireland, known by the above title, and wholly impassable from the size and number of its morasses, in addition to which it is covered with an impenetrable forest of undergrowth and tangled jungle, and consequently is utterly useless. At present, 4,000,000 of acres have been reclaimed, and during next year it is proposed that 300,000 more shall be taken in hand by means of 120 miles of canals and dikes. It is further reported that upward of 800,000 acres of once useless bog are now good meadow land, while 2,000,000 acres of impenetrable jungle have been brought into cultivation. In addition to all this, the engineers have built 179 bridges, sunk 577 wells, and surveyed and mapped 300,000 square miles of land.

If such a scheme as this can be so successfully carried out by Russia, why should not some such plan be tried in Ireland? A scientific contemporary, referring to this question, says:—"The amount of bog in Ireland would, of course, be a child's play to Pink marshes, for somehow we are always confronted with bog as the chief source of Irish difficulties. If its annihilation will pay so well in Russia, it ought to do so equally in Ireland; nor should we forget that an undertaking of such magnitude would bring immediate and constant work from the very outset to half the able bodied population of the country." The suggestion is worth the attention of all interested in the prosperity of Ireland.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Volunteers Helped.

A good story is told here upon two old retired officers of the regular army. These two officers were well advanced in years when the rebellion began, and although in active service during the war, were not specially distinguished. They have been members of the army colony here for many years, and before retirement managed to continue on duty at and about Washington as members of boards and the like. At one of the monthly meetings and dinners of the Royal Legion last winter these two old "volunteers" were present. Indeed, the Coburg family is always well represented at gatherings that are to be served with eatables and drinkables, and particularly drinkables. Upon the occasion alluded to, during the progress of the speeches and songs, "The Volunteers" was proposed by a gentleman who had achieved distinction in the volunteer army. "What is proposed?" inquired one of the old regulars of the other. "We are asked to drink to the volunteers," was the response. "Well," replied the first speaker, "we of the regular army can drink that. The volunteers helped us out a good deal."—*Washington Letter.*

Cremation Not Popular.

The progress of cremation in this country as a means of disposing of the bodies of the dead is not very rapid. The company that was organized a year ago, and that built the furnace at Fresh Pond, has had only about 100 "subjects" during the year, and the average is about the same for the past months as for the eleven that preceded it. It is a most noteworthy fact that nearly all the bodies disposed of in this manner were those of persons who directed this action in their last will and testament. Public sentiment is as yet decidedly in favor of burial; and, unless satisfactory considerations become overwhelming, it will doubtless remain so for a long time to come.—*The Epoch.*

New Kind of Brick.

A new variety of pressed brick, made of ashes and cinders, is now being manufactured in San Francisco. Says The Examiner, of that city: "The result is a brick of unusual solidity, handsome in appearance, of a most durable character and made entirely without burning or baking. All manner of experiments have been tried with the bricks in the way of subjecting them alternately to intense cold and heat, but without any injurious effect. The best quality have been boiled for hours, without cracking or showing any signs of dissolving."—*New York Tribune.*

The Replica of "1807."

Meissonier has been greatly stirred by the revelations of instantaneous photography, and in his new water color reproduction of the Stewart "1807," he is said to have tried to correct what now seems to him faulty action in his horses.—*Frank Leslie's.*

OUR CONSUL TO RUSSIA.

Cost of Living in St. Petersburg—The Russian Climate—Scandal.

I spent an evening at the Riggs house a day or so ago, chatting with Gen. Young, of Georgia, our late consul general to St. Petersburg; with Col. Way, of Savannah, who has just been appointed as his successor, and with Col. Coleman, of Illinois, but now a resident of this city, who was Howells' successor as consul to Venice, where he resided for four years. In Washington ex-consuls, ex-ministers, ex-generals and ex-everythings, from senators to dockkeepers, are as thick as blackberries. It seems as if all the people here had, at one time or another, been upon a foreign mission, if only to carry shad eggs to England.

Including salary, fees and everything, the office of consul general at St. Petersburg is not worth more than \$15,000 a year. The cost of living is as dear there as in other cities. What with rents and housekeeping and servants the consul is lucky if he squeezes through on all he can get. The social position of a consul general is not a high one. He is regarded purely as a commercial agent, and has no relations whatever with the diplomatic corps of the court. He calls upon the American minister upon his arrival and upon the consuls of other nations. Afterward his relations are wholly with the commercial class, people who have nothing to do with and are never admitted to the governing class. There are less than a dozen Americans in St. Petersburg, a fact which requires the consul to learn to speak Russian if he expects to get on with tolerable comfort. Gen. Young tells me that he made it a point to master 300 of the most common Russian words, and with these he was able to hold all ordinary conversation.

He speaks of Russia as a glorious country, and says it has been more richly endowed by nature than the United States. It has all climates, grows everything that we do and more besides, and it is full of minerals. The Russians think nothing of hauling iron ore on sleds 300 miles over the snow, and manufacturing it into iron at a profit, a feat which would be deemed impossible in this country. Cold weather begins in Russia, in the latitude of St. Petersburg, as early as September, but from May 1 onward the weather is charming. Gen. Young says he was never uncomfortable, as regards the weather, while in St. Petersburg, although there is often a difference of 80 degrees in temperature between the inside and outside of the house. There are days, however, when an one ventouses out the weather being unbearable. Covered or closed sledges and carriages are used and these are often heated. But the weather exerts a strange influence, producing unpleasant effects. For three months after his arrival the general was unable to sleep more than three or four hours at night. He said to me:

"I could not understand why I was so sleepless. I used to get up in the middle of the night, take a sledge and drive furiously for a dozen miles, then I would eat a big dinner and go to bed again and manage to get some sleep."

"How did you find things socially?" I asked. "The mercantile class with which I came in contact, is very respectable. They delight to entertain and will often ask you to dinner, but there is a great deal of scandal in St. Petersburg, and the people, or some of them at least, are very fond of gossiping. I found that every servant kept a close watch on me. If I went out for a drive he was sure to ask the driver upon my return where he had taken me, and where I had come from, and whom I had seen. This was intolerable. I soon put a stop to that. There are 25,000 cabs for hire in St. Petersburg, and by going around the corner I could find two or three, so I stopped taking a cab at my own door, got a different one every time, and used to be put down upon my return a block or two away from home. By that means my servant was taught to mind his own business."—*Fuller Walker in Kansas City Journal.*

Problem of Bottled Sugar.

The author of "Under the Pankah" tells an amusing incident of his life in India. He had given to a tame monkey a lump of sugar inside a corked bottle. The monkey was of an inquiring kind, and the effort to get at the mystery—and the sugar—nearly killed him.

Sometimes, in an impulse of disgust, he would throw the bottle away, out of his reach, and then be distracted until it was given back to him.

At other times he would sit with a countenance of the most intense dejection, contemplating the bottled sugar, and then, as if pulling himself together for another effort at solution, would sternly take up the problem afresh and gaze into the bottle. He would tilt it up one way and try to drink the sugar through the cork, and then, suddenly reversing it, try to catch the sugar as it fell out at the bottom.

Under the impression that he could catch it by surprise, he kept rapping his teeth against the glass in futile bites, and, warning to the pursuit of the revolving lump, used to tie himself into regular knots round the bottle. Fits of the most ludicrous melancholy would alternate with these spasms of furious speculation, and how the matter would have ended it is impossible to say.

But the monkey got loose one night and took the bottle with him; and it has always been a delight to me to think that whole forestful of monkeys have by this time puzzled themselves into fits over the great problem of bottled sugar.—*Youth's Companion.*

Flower of the Stuarts.

Very few people know that, as the violet was the chosen flower of the Napoleons, scarlet carnation was the chosen flower of the Stuarts. To this day mysterious hands yearly deposit at Frascati, and in St. Peter's, in Rome, where lie the remains of the cardinal of York and other members of the house of Stuart, wreaths of scarlet carnations.—*Chicago Herald.*

George Francis Train.

George Francis Train says that when he stopped eating meat, thirteen years ago, and began living on fruit and grain he weighed 210 pounds. He now weighs 180, and as he is six feet in height, he thinks he has the correct proportion. He has not been ill an hour since he began fasting.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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